

THE GIANT CAUCASUS

A REGION OF GLOOM AND TERROR AND DESOLATION.

The Strange Mixture of Races Dating Back From Immemorial Antiquity That Peoples the Slopes of These Snow-Capped Mountains.

The traveler who should seek to cross from the southern plains of Russia over into Persia or Arabia by the land between the Caspian and the Black seas would find himself confronted by a sight which for gloom and terror has hardly any equal in the world, writes W. B. Hodgson in the London News. Rising sheer from the vast arid plain, like a great foam crested billow about to break on a desolate beach, a billow 10,000 feet high and 800 miles long, the snow-capped Caucasus stretches across from sea to sea with a dreadful, threatening, savage majesty of mien.

Its peaks are not so high as many of the Alps, it has not the projecting spurs and isolated, craggy heights whose groupings give now and beautiful views at every step. It is just an immense mountain chain, an unbroken fold or crease on the earth's surface. Though the Alps have higher peaks the lowest pass across the Caucasus is nearly double the height of the Alpine crossing places. The Caucasus has no lakes, only turbid, muddy rivers flowing from the ice fields of its central ridge. Even these are missing in the east, where the ridge lowers toward the Caspian.

But the terror and desolation of the Caucasus forever kept apart the peoples to the north and south. On the one hand civilizations rose and fell—the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Roman, the republics of the middle ages—but to the north the great plains were ever inhabited by the wild, lawless nomads. And so from the very beginnings of time the Caucasus has stayed the human tide and, as connecting roads swept all before them below, the weak, the peaceable, the unfit, have been driven higher and higher into inaccessible gorges and wild, bog covered valleys.

A strange mixture of races, dating back from immemorial antiquity, has been washed up like surf on to the slopes of these giant mountains. The Udi, the Karin, the Avar, the Tush, belong to races that perished before Europe was discovered. Seven languages are spoken in the Caucasus, each unintelligible to the tribes using the rest. Some of them are related to the early tongues of Europe; others have no known affinities and seem to be among the languages of Babel that did not "catch on."

Here amid these mountains we have the ghosts of ancient peoples who have gone under in the world struggle. There may well be tribesmen here whose ancestor was driven high by the flood and settled within sight of Ararat and his cousin, Noah. There are still tribes who array themselves in helmets and chain armor and carry spears like those of 3,000 years ago. Others have strange ritual practices that have come down from the dawn of the world, mingling their pagan rites with worship of the "Christ God" and the angels of the river, the forest and the mountain. They have blood feuds which go on for generations, like those of Corsica in the past.

It is a mistake to suppose that Russia took the Caucasus by a general warlike movement. There was no need. Divided by religion into Christians, Mohammedans and pagans; divided by languages which made them mutually unintelligible, the tribes of this strange mountain bygone races could take no united action. Throughout the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century Russia was employed in absorbing the Caucasian piece by piece. Only two of the Caucasian races made anything like strong resistance. In the east a Mohammedan prophet, Shami of the Avar stock, which swarms a great part of Europe in the seventh century and was only finally conquered by Charlemagne, led the Lezgians of Daghestan in a religious war against Russia. Crafty, daring and fertile in resource, occupying mountain slopes cut by impassable gorges, Shami was believed by his followers to have a charmed life. Only when the Russians built forts and military roads and gradually inclosed him at enormous expense did Shami surrender at his castle of Gumb in 1859. He passed some years of honorable captivity near Moscow and was then allowed, as a devout Mohammedan, to end his days in peace at Mecca.

Very different was the story of the Tcherkesses, or Circassians, who opposed Russia in the western section of the Caucasus. The Circassians were hairy the ponchable race of whose golden haired captive princesses in the harems of the east our boyish dreams were full. Warlike, splendid horsemen and marksmen, they lived almost entirely by pillage. In 1864 they submitted, and Russia, knowing them to be unmanageable in the mountains, gave them the choice of coming down into the plains or expatriating into Turkish territory. They chose the latter course and were welcomed by the sultan, but as his ships arrived at the Black sea ports to meet them long after the proper time large numbers perished of hardship and disease. Some were settled in Armenia, others in Bulgaria, others in various parts of Asia Minor, and wherever they went there has been trouble since.

Two Steps to It.
Keefer—It costs so much more to live now than it used to. Norreik—It ought to. It's worth more to live now than it used to be.—Chicago Tribune.

The use of envelopes was scarcely known until after penny postage was introduced.

TRAFALGAR.

The Swiftiness of Action of This Great Naval Battle.

The world will see other sea fights, but never one like this, so close, so swift and with so much in it of the personal element. And what may be called the pace of the battle, the swift, almost without a parallel in the history of war. The first gun was fired at 12:15; at 12:22, or only seven minutes after the French guns opened on him, Collingwood, with the British ship nearest to him, was through the enemy's line.

Only one brief minute later, or at 12:23 by the log of the Euryalus, Nelson is in the fight, and is pouring his first dreadful broadside into the stern of Villeneuve's flagship. Two minutes later the French and Spanish topmasts begin to fall. At 1:22, or sixty-seven minutes after the first gun was fired, Blackwood reports "the center and rear of enemy's line to be hard pressed in action." The fate of the battle is practically settled. Already some of the enemy's ships have struck. The swift moments run on, and the pulses of the great fight keep time with them. The advantage is not all on one side.

At 2:30, for example, or less than two hours from the moment when, a shape of majestic pride, the Royal Sovereign moved into the zone of the enemy's fire, she lies a masted and helpless hulk. She has done her work, but she has paid a terrible price for it. There is at this moment a flutter of flags on the masthead of the Victory, for Nelson has a great captain's watchful vision, and a frigate—it is the Euryalus—comes down with every inch of canvas set, groping her way through the smoke, to take the battered hull of the Royal Sovereign in tow, so that her broadside—the mighty ship can still fight, though she cannot sail—bear upon the enemy's ships within her reach.

This is not a battle spread through days. It is compressed almost into minutes. The first shot was fired at 12:15; before 3 o'clock flag after flag is going down; a great fleet is crumbling into ruin. By 6:30 o'clock all is over.—Cornhill Magazine.

FINGERS AND FORKS.

Never use a fork when taking a piece of bread.
Avoid using a spoon for anything that is not liquid.

Pastry should be eaten with a fork; also ice cream where the proper forks are served.

It is permissible to eat celery, corn, asparagus, water cress and undressed salad with the fingers.

Olives should be lifted from the dish with the olive fork or spoon, but should be eaten from the fingers.

Lemon is often served with fish and pancakes. The lemon should be taken in the fingers and squeezed upon the viands.

If cut sugar is served and there are no sugar tongs in the bowl, lift the pieces out as delicately as possible with the tips of the fingers.—New York Press.

Composite Pronoun Wanted.
The word of a composite pronoun to express both "he" and "she," and what is sometimes more important, to express neither he nor she, must have embarrassed every one at some time or another. There are ungrammatical ways of shelling the difficulty, such as, for instance, by translating the convenient French "on" as "they," when we really mean one person who may be either masculine or feminine. The lack of a portmanteau word to express both sexes without specifying either did not, however, trouble the new maid who approached her mistress with the ingenious remark, "Please'm, a friend of mine has called—and may I ask it to tea?"—London Chronicle.

A Point In Punctuation.
For a century past, probably longer, the rule of the best printers and publishers has been, "Three words in the same construction are separated by commas." Two examples will illustrate the rule:

"John, James and Thomas have come."
As so punctuated the first name is vocative, the second and third nominative. Two persons have come.
"John, James, and Thomas have come."
And now the three names are all nominatives. Three persons have come. The two meanings can be indicated otherwise only by a footnote.—New York Times.

A Stubborn Opening.
The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning.

"What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded.
"It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied.

"Well, it didn't take three corkers to open it, did it?"

And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Swedish.
"Yes," said the condescending youth, "I am taking fencing lessons."

"Good," answered Farmer Cornitosel. "I allus said you was goin' to turn in an' do somethin' useful. What's your specialty goin' to be—ball, stone or barbed wire?"—Washington Star.

Same Old Story.
"Does he pay his alimony promptly?"
"No; he has to be urged and threatened every payday, but then, of course, I got used to that when we were living together."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Try It.
"Don't you smell the?"
"No, I don't think I do."
"I don't either, but most people do if you ask them."

Proctor's Theatre.

There are now twenty-five cent reserved seats at both the afternoon and evening performances in the Proctor Park Place Theatre, in Newark. Here, tofore, up to last Monday, the twenty-five cent tickets were generally admission. They entitled the holders to seats, but the chairs went on the "first come, first served" order. This frequently caused much annoyance and some dissatisfaction. Under the new arrangement which has been put into operation by the management, however, such things cannot occur. At the matinees all the orchestra except the usual fifty cent seats will be reserved at twenty-five cents. The same rule will apply to the balcony.

Persons in Newark or elsewhere who desire to have the same seats for certain evenings each week can make the necessary arrangement by application to the treasurer at the theatre box office.

25th Annual January Bargain Sale.

The splendid economies that L. S. Platt & Co., Newark, offer in their January Bargain Sale, which opens next Tuesday, are the thermometers by which households and individuals will regulate midwinter expenditures and lessen their outlay for many a present and future year. This event, the twenty-fifth of its kind, is a remarkable demonstration of a great store's ability to sell reliable staple and seasonable merchandise in great quantities way below market value. Such enterprises for enterprise it is—finds its source in aggressive business methods. The past months—more prosperous than ever before in the firm's history—have not only placed the stocks in a condition to yield many clearance lots, but also allow the purchase of a surplus merchandise from makers, wholesalers and importers. The result is that the "Bee Hive" offers also the "plums" of such purchases. The store remains closed Monday. The sale opens Tuesday next at 8:30.

Patents Issued.
Patents issued to Jerseymen and reported for the CITIZEN by Drake & Co., Solicitors of Patents, corner Broad and Market streets, Newark, N. J.:

Button hole sewing machine, E. B. Allen, Elizabeth; centrifugal separator (two patents), J. J. Bergh, East Orange; controlling means for electric motors, C. M. Clark, South Orange; insulating mantle (two patents), D. J. Clark, Jersey City; sprouting head (two patents), J. A. Hoke, Summit; broiler, B. N. Johnson, Jersey City; separator for removing dust, D. T. Kenny, North Plainfield; support for feed bags, J. N. Fruser, Union Hill; manufacture of vapor apparatus, P. B. Thomas, East Orange; Trade-marks—Buffing compounds, G. Zucker, Newark; rings, Jones & Woodland, Newark.

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Including California, Colorado, Texas, Arizona, Mexico, Florida, etc.

California and return (limit nine mos.), \$143.70.

Colorado and return (limit June 1, 1906), \$89.90.

Bulls and Helena, Mont., and return (limit ninety days), \$113.70.

Mexico City, Mex., and return (limit nine months), \$116.60.

Hot Springs, Ark., and return (limit ninety days), \$66.20.

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The Twentieth Annual Meeting

—OF THE—

BLOOMFIELD

Building and Loan Association

WILL BE HELD ON

Monday, January 8, '06,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P. M.,

At No. 27 BROAD STREET,

For the purpose of receiving the report of the Secretary and Auditing Committee; the election of three Directors for three years, and one Shareholder (not director) as member of the Auditing Committee for three years; for the payment of dues, interest, fines, and the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

FOLLS OPEN FROM 8 TO 9 O'CLOCK.

New Series of Stock, the 27th, will be opened.

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. BANKS REFORD, Secretary.

BLOOMFIELD, December 13, 1905.

The Star of Bethlehem.

BY CHARLES ROBERTS BOURKE.

At midnight on fair Bethlehem's plain:

A band of shepherds lay,

Wrapped in their cloaks of sheepskins warm,

Awaiting break of day.

When suddenly a light shone forth,

And in its midst a form appeared,

An angel with a sword.

The shepherds rose up in amazement,

All trembling with fear:

The angel motioned with his hand

And bid them be of cheer.

"Fear not," he said, "I bring to you

Good tidings of great joy—

A Saviour's born to all mankind,

All sin He will destroy.

He, wrapped up in His swaddling clothes

Lies in a manger near—

He is the Saviour, Christ the Lord,

To save thy soul, now hear."

And when he ceased, out on the night

Came forth the heavenly throng.

"Peace upon earth, good will towards men,"

Was their celestial song.

"Glory to God on highest hill,"

Rang out the heavenly strain:

"Peace upon earth, good will towards men,"

Was also their refrain.

"The Boy Born," the angels said,

"Beneath that star so bright;

In David's city you will find

Solved in celestial light."

Then hastily they left their flocks,

And unto Bethlehem came,

To find the Babe beneath the star,

And worship in His arms.

They spread the joyful news abroad

Of Christ our Saviour, Lord.

Then to their lowly flocks returned

In glory, praising God.

That Eastern Star to all mankind

Proclaims the glad news,

That, peace on earth, salvation too,

Is free to all who choose.



Good Morning!

Out shopping so early in the

morning?

Yes—know it is a very

near Christmas and I want

my shopping early and

before the rush

Say—was just up to Frönap-

fel's. They have just a

line of Earthenware

can give you for the money. Their Skate line is also

surprising! To see the Pocket Knives and Table Cutlery

offering in their window!

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tory damaged shoes.

OVER 7,000 PAIRS INVOLVED

As exclusive Newark agents for this world famous shoe

we are pleased to direct attention to our seventh semi-annual

sale. Hanan & Son have so perfected their shoe building

machinery that the blemishes this season are probably more

trivial than ever before. The 7,000 pairs are for the most part

winter goods, many having good, sturdy double soles. Every

one knows of the goodness of these shoes, and the sale which

we began at 9 A. M. Thursday, in our men's shoe and hat

annex will doubtless prove a record breaker.

Men's Hanan

& Son shoes,

actual values

5.00 to 10.00 a

pair.

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promptly at

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